

June 10-13, 1982, p. 3

canals, trolleys etc. I will use those books to gather data for the Calendar. John and I parted at City Hall: he went to pick up his motorcycle and I went to the First National Bank and called HLRP and said that I would be ready to go home when WSP came into town around 5:30 P.M. to make the deposit. I sat on the steps at the bank and WSP arrived and we went home and that was that. Dinner, and then I went down to see Peg and she was just about to get into the tub and we chatted and took a walk in the garden--she has some lovely flowers, including a yellow rose bush that belonged to her Grandmother Winter I believe she said, and lupins and pink poppies and a few other flowers that I did not recognize. We had tea, watched Rukeyser, and then she said that she was going to open up the "cabin" on Saturday and would I be interested in going along. Yes, very definitely said I. I was hoping she would talk about the cabin because I went there specifically to ask her if she would be interested in going up to the cabin because I wanted to go up there and she brought up the subject so I didn't have to. Wonderful, thought I. She reported that she had gotten an A in her course on investing and she said that one-half of the grade belonged to me because I had sent her some materials from the SBI library. We agreed to leave for Four Mile Pond at 1 P.M. from The Homestead. While I was there Joe Pascoe called, having been referred to Peg's by HLRP when he called out at the Homestead. I mailed Joe a letter on Friday morning with my check and enough in that check to cover the cost of John Buberniak's dinner and mine on July 15th. Also I enclosed a page in the same envelope in which I apologized to Joe for bringing up the Memorial Park ceremonies in which "The Old Grey Mare" was played by the American Federation of Musicians' band as the 81-mm howitzers were unveiled. I pointed that out to some of my colleagues at the meeting on Thursday night and we all laughed and Joe got worked up and explained that "The Old Grey Mare" was the theme song of the northeastern Pennsylvania infantry or something like that and so I thought I should write him a note on the following day and apologize for having brought up the subject and I wrote him a very effusive note of apology and he called to say that the note was not necessary that he knew that I meant no harm by bringing it up and that not many people know that "The Old Grey Mare" is associated with a northeastern Pennsylvania military organization. I told Joe that perhaps he should write a letter to the NEWS and one to the SCRANTONIAN and explain the association to the general public. Anyhow, I mailed the letter on Friday morning and it was delivered on Friday afternoon and that was just what I was hoping for. Saturday morning, I can not at the moment recall what Saturday morning was all about. When did I ask John Buberniak if he wanted to go along? Now I remember. He said that he would call me on Saturday morning about 11 A.M. and he did and I asked him if he wanted to go along and he said yes and I said that I would meet him at the Post Office and that would be at 1 P.M. Saturday morning I got up at about 9 A.M. and got ready for David's visit out to The Homestead. I called him on Friday afternoon and asked him if he were going to be around on Friday or Saturday and he said that he would be around on Saturday morning and that he would come out to The Homestead which he did at 10:30 A.M. on Saturday morning. We sat at the kitchen table and went over the City Hall papers that he had in his box of papers on City Hall. He reported that yes UNICO did give the CRCCH \$200. He reported that the DCA film on the Small Communities Block Grant Program that was scheduled for May 18th did not take place, that the representative of the DCA never showed up with the film. He suggested that I write a letter to the City Council and to the Mayor and request \$1499.99 from the City budget for roof repairs (under \$1500 and the City does not have to solicit bids). He also suggested that I write to the City and tell them about our soliciting of bids for the roof and masonry and cleaning and ask for their cooperation and such. Tell them that we have place a "Invitation to Bid" ad and have sent out specifications and such and that we have done so as a public service. DJB's number at 58 Wayne Street is 282-4965. He reported that the pioneer hose companies article

June 10-13, 1982, p. 4

was published in the NEWS of June 2 because he asked Phil to publish it and Phil did in the issue that appeared the week after David left. I was glad to have that answer because I couldn't figure out why Heth would publish the article. Now I know that he did so because David asked him to and not because Phil Heth is interested in local history. David gave me the ICVF letter saying that the CRCCH preliminary application for a grant/funding had been turned down, that only thirteen out of all the applications that had been filed were asked to fill out final applications, and I was not surprised that we had not been asked to fill out a second, i.e., a final, application. I didn't have much time to fill out the preliminary and so it was OK but it could have been much better had I had the time to do a first-rate job of it. David returned many copies of many letters that I had sent to him. He gave me a copy of a booklet commemorating "The 100th Anniversary of the Laying of the Cornerstone of the Courthouse of Lackawanna County" that celebration took place on May 25th 1882 and the cornerstone was laid apparently on May 25th 1882. He gave me the card on which he wrote the name of the person who did the architectural study of City Hall a few years ago: A. L. Weisenberger, 3440-48 Hamilton Boulevard, Allentown, PA 18103; 215-398-0144; David believes that the study was done in 1976 and no one at City Hall can find the copy and a copy of the report should be available at the offices of Weisenberger and it would be nice to have that report. He also gave me a copy of Harvey J. M. Faford's letter to David Baum of April 22: very interesting. He gave me lots of receipts and notes and such that he has jotted down, plus some notes and letters that I wrote to him. He gave me the winning lottery ticket and some photographs that have never been published and such. I have included it all in the master file of CRCCH information. David left at noon and we ate dinner and Peg arrived shortly after one and we were on our way and into Carbondale to pick up John and that was well timed. We had a most pleasant trip up to Four Mile Pond, chatting about the O&W and the D&H and such and John pointed out the sights. John's uncle lives near Starruca and so John knew where we were going and the countryside and such. We arrived at Four Mile Pond and Mr. Wright was out working in the garden and he reminded me so much of Aunt Eleanor and Joey that I could hardly believe that they were not at the lake. We talked about Aunt Eleanor and Joey on the way up in the car a lot. We opened up the cabin and swept up and cleaned up it was lovely. Quiet, peaceful, and extraordinarily relaxed. Peg went off to visit the Wrights and John and I put the boat in and went for a ride, a rather short one, because it started to rain and we cut short our ride. Back at the cabin we made a fire inside and one outside and it was very cozy and peaceful and quiet and extraordinarily relaxed. We cooked dinner (hamburgers) outside and baked potatoes and had a salad and drank tea: We boiled water in a pot on top of the stove inside: wood fire. There was a problem with the electricity and so we did not have electricity which did not bother me at all. Peg has had a flush toilet put in and a well dug, and Apokeysink how has all the comforts of home so to speak. We sat and ate and drank tea until it got dark and then washed up the dishes and headed home. We drove through Carbondale and Peg and I dropped John off at his house and I said in response to his question about what was I doing on Sunday that I would meet him in Maplewood around 1 P.M. and we would see what happened. He said OK and then Peg drove me home and that was that. She did not come in. I watched television and went to bed, rather early as I recall. On Sunday morning it was raining and John called and said that we would have to cancel our plan, wouldn't we, because it was raining and I said that I had to go into Scranton and deliver some things to Shaw and asked if he wanted to go along and he said that he had to work for his father and I said OK and that I would see him next time and he said that he would like to look at the books that we borrowed (under John's library card) from the CPL, and I said that I would drop them off at his house